

# THE MIDDLEBURY COLLEGE NEWS LETTER

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"Chapel"—Water Color by Arthur K. D. Healy

# Subjects and Predicates

## Upstream

Paddling to College in a seventeen-foot canoe is a new mode for undergraduate transportation set by Royce Hubert, Yonkers, N. Y., who entered as a freshman at Middlebury this year. To prove that the watercourse between the Atlantic and Middlebury is open to shallow-draft navigation, he paddled his craft the three hundred miles from New York: up the Hudson to Troy, through the Barge Canal, up Lake Champlain to Fort Cassin, and then the meandering Otter Creek route to Middlebury.

The trip took two weeks to the hour and cost just under ten dollars. Hubert cooked his own meals, occasionally stopping in towns or at farm houses for supplies and vegetables. A sleeping bag was used for night quarters, with the canoe for a roof when it rained. His hundred pounds of duffel and equipment included a sail, but he ran into poor weather and was able to use the sail only two of the fourteen days. Two portages were necessary in the three hundred miles.

The wind was running so high on Lake Champlain that he shipped half a canoe of water three times, but the only real scare on the trip came when a dog threatened attack in Newburgh while he took shelter under his craft.

Hubert plans to make the return trip to Yonkers over the same route next June with a classmate.

## Quote

"In scholarship as in sportmanship it is the game, not the reward, that counts. If you believe that you will acquire some mystic knowledge, a formula which you can translate into cash on the completion of your course, you are sadly mistaken. You are going to be disappointed if you expect to have something tangible to show for being in college."

So President Moody put all the cards on the table at his opening chapel address. Not a student withdrew.

## Less Greek

We look toward a day when the pronunciation of the whole Greek alphabet is corrupted. There survive now only a few old easy standbys like *alpha*, *delta*, *kappa*, on which two in an academic party entirely agree. The most curious disagreement comes from the Phi Betans, who, of all people, ought to be able to put up a convincing argument on the pronunciation of Greek characters, but cannot even agree on Phi Beta Kappa. How to say it was a major item on the schedule of business at their Atlanta triennial convention. One faction held out for *fee bayta kappa*, another for *fy beeta kappa*. They agreed on the *kappa*, they agreed that the commonly accepted *fy bayta kappa* is wrong. There the matter rests.

## Land, Ho

Stuart Chase credits the environs of Middlebury with four "resource bases": marble, maple sugar, scenery, and black land (he wasn't here during the clay season). In his lecture at the College early in October he made few comparisons to show the relative base wealth of Vermont and that of the rest of the United States, but he left little doubt in the minds of some eight hundred students and others jammed into the Chapel that we are all pretty poor. His best selling "Rich Land, Poor Land" was the resource base of his lecture. There may be some 80,000 words in the book but at least 400,000 words were written by undergraduates that night. The Chapel was a white blanket of note books and every owner was evidently charged by two or three instructors to compose some sort of "reaction." Into 500 notebooks went such catch clauses as: "Whoever demolishes the land does so at his own peril," "One half of the original fertility has already disappeared," "The outlook for the future is tragic," "Science must find nature's minimum demands and meet them," "We must stop living on our capital," "We must abandon our machines or abandon our continent."

## Bibliology

The reproduction of the Forest Hall book plate in the last issue stirred up a creative mood in Dr. J. W. Chapman, '79, who submits a proposal that Middlebury produce its own line of book plates with the distinguishing symbol of the bookworm. He further suggests a rivalry for texts among Middlebury graduates and "to prime the pump" offers the following:

"Good friend if you'd receive a benediction

Such as was never known in truth or fiction

And live so as to know no dark tomorrow,

Return their books to those from whom you borrow."

"Non in bibliotheca sed in foro stat Sapientia."

"My son, if you would Wisdom find,  
And look upon her cheerful face,  
'Tis not in books she speaks her mind;  
She beckons from the market place."

"Good sir, let me see your books before  
I sit down to your cakes and ale."

"Ex libris Sapientia  
Ex stultis libri.  
Ex libris stulti  
in bibliotheca  
Sapientiam quaerentis."

"Diogenes, thy search is ended.  
Now hang thy lantern on its hook  
He's found! the man by all commended,

Who never kept a borrowed book."

We share Dr. Chapman's sentiments with regard to bibliokleptomania. If we could be convinced that a contest on pertinent bookplate texts would serve as an antitoxin to the disease, and if we had a few hundred ducats for a prize, we'd start a National Society for the Protection of Bibliognosts, Biblioliteris, and Bibliophiles. Our noblest purposes are always cramped by a budget.

## Matter of Course

Contentions on the value of Middle-

bury diplomas still filter in. Further correspondence with Dr. Chapman brings a favored point of view:

"We had a President, of course, who lectured on moral philosophy," writes the '79-er. "Also, as a matter of course, we had a professor of Latin and one in Greek. The latter took us gently into German grammar also. We had a professor of mathematics. No tutors were needed, for there were never more than a dozen of us in class at any one time. It was in that intimate relation between the professor and the pupil in the classroom that I got that enthusiasm for Analytics that I have never had since. One of my favorite nightmares for fifty years after my graduation was being flunked in mathematics. We had a professor—one professor mind you—in the Natural Sciences. This included, in alphabetical order, Botany, Chemistry, Geology, and Zoölogy. We had a professor in Logic and English Literature, who could probably have taught anything else in the curriculum. Beside this we had a Scotsman who taught Bain's Mental Science and Smith's Wealth of Nations, and taught them hard. It brings out a cold sweat to think of it. We had no modern language except introductory German, no art except the theory by Torrey and the photographs of the Parthenon and the Colosseum, and no music except the Choral Society down town.

"Strangely enough I regard my old diploma (which, by the way, I lost many years ago) with affection and even with respect. Its relation to the modern curriculum is something like that of the saw buck and the potato patch to college athletics as they are now represented at Middlebury. There is not much shouting and tumult about a bucksaw and a hoe, but they do not run out on you either.

"Quite seriously, I think that the kind of diploma that a man needs is the kind that will fit him for the work that he expects to do

and the kind of man that he expects to be. The man who claimed that the size of his bank account was not the result of his knowing who was queen of what and when, was right no doubt; but there are values for which a bank account is no yardstick. There will always be people who need what they cannot get in a business college, and what they can get only by being able to read easily and with enjoyment the books that contain the kind of information that they are after. For such people training in Latin and Greek is of the greatest usefulness, even if, after fifty years, they are not able to read a page of Caesar's Commentaries without a dictionary and a grammar, and I confess that I am in that category. Yet everyone who has been through it knows that clear thinking and clear expression in English depends largely upon an early acquaintance with Latin and Greek."

### Younger and Younger

Freshman entering Middlebury are



Shard Santa

nearly a year and a half younger this September than they were twenty-five years ago. Seventeen years and ten months is the average for 1937; nineteen and three months was the average in 1912.

Records of a hundred years ago indicate that history is repeating itself as far as undergraduate ages are concerned. Freshmen of 1837 averaged 18. The low mark can be accounted for by the fact that during that period boys as young as 14 were often admitted. Students of the 1880's were the oldest of any noted in the Middlebury records. The class of a half century ago, 1887, averaged just three months under twenty years.

### Shard Villa

People would cross oceans to see less successful travesties of art. No one with a nose for painting and a sound sense of humor could conceivably do Vermont—much less live in Vermont—without visiting Shard Villa. It stumbles at the feet of the genii behind Montecello, Mrs. Gardner's, and the Frick homestead, but you'll remember Shard Villa long after you've forgotten the entrance hall of Jefferson's creation, the Fenway patio and the Frick Rembrandts. Shard Villa will come back to you on sultry sleepless nights in 1959, joltingly confront you when you're putting on your stockings some morning years hence—or perhaps tomorrow. In Shard Villa the age of Victoria Regina survives in quantity.

It was built by a contemporary of Joseph Battell, Columbus Smith. They had much in common. Both were Middlebury College students, both Middlebury College trustees; both loved to entertain in the grand manner; both were great, both crotchety; Battell raised horses, Smith raised buffaloes; Battell went in for mathematics, Smith for hieroglyphics; Battell

claimed that he'd rather pay a few thousand dollars for a mountain than for a painting; Smith preferred the paintings, and that's where he erred.

Two years after his graduation from Middlebury in 1842, the famous Frances Mary Shard case came up, involving a claim of \$300,000 by one James Cook against the Crown of England. (There may be some discrepancy in the authenticity of dates, for according to college records he wasn't admitted to the bar until 1848.) Anyway, Smith took the case to the British Court of Claims, fought the Crown for forty days (during which time his hair is said to have turned pure white), won the case along with a handsome commission, and won also a reputation which led to his specializing in "obtaining inheritances in Great Britain and the colonies for heirs in this country." For fifteen years he practised before the British court, crossing the Atlantic eleven times.

With that first fee he built Shard Villa, evidently aiming at a sort of Versailles keyed to Vermont tradition. An artist Spezzoli was imported from Italy as decorator. The house interior has changed little since Mr. Smith's death, and it is still eloquent of his attempt. We won't describe everything to spoil your visit there—just enough to accent the importance of such a visit. (Admission free, any afternoon.)

On entering the front door, a hall full of white, life-size statuesque paintings of Roman heroes greets you; Nero, Caesar, Marcus Aurelius, Cicero. After recovering from the jolt of witnessing these apparitions your attention is called to the Pompeian lady on the right who turns out to be the Goddess of Art. She isn't so badly done, but the border of pansies, sweet elysium, phlox, canterbury bells and morning glories is a little overwhelming. "On this side," the directress interrupts your train of thought, "is the Goddess of Sculpture." But it isn't the Goddess you see; rather her environment. There she sits in all her dignity among watermelons, sweet corn, cucumbers, early spring onions, Bermuda onions, an artichoke, mushrooms, peas, turnips, various fruits, peppers, and a bunch of asparagus. If the custodian takes to you she will

punctuate your hysteria with an appreciative little chuckle of her own.

You are ushered through room after room, each more unbelievable than the one before. In the dining room, for instance, instead of paintings hung in the orthodox manner, you find pictures and frames painted directly on the wall, even to the thick red Victorian cords leading to the ceiling. Mr. Smith's bedroom is surrounded by full-length muses. Every available square inch of wall space is covered. But words fail when you arrive in the drawing room. Heavy theatrical curtains in regal color have been draped by Spezzoli's brush over the entire vast wall area, with only one gap over the mantle where a dozen Fra Angelico angels hover incongruously. And on the ceiling, radiating from a modern chandelier, flutter the four seasons: Spring (with snow birds over her head); Summer carrying a basket of sweet corn and

other fall vegetables; Autumn, a good Italian Bacchus; and Winter—alas—an Italian Santa Claus with a red American robin winging its way above. You won't believe that room until you see it.

Strangely enough, relatively few visitors ever call at the Villa. (It's on the old road between Middlebury and Salisbury, south of the Seelye district.) But everyone who calls there leaves with the idea of doing the great American novel around Mr. Smith. The place, with its annex, is now used as an old ladies' home, and the inmates are all waiting impatiently for the publication of this book. But to date the only significant publicity has come from Irving Bacheller who lived at the Villa in his youth as tutor of the Smith children and who did an article once for the *American Legion Monthly*. Laconically, he passes off Spezzoli's artistry: "A good country sign painter could have done a better job."

### All in a Name

Stories behind one-syllable words have added many a chapter to history books. Tussles about prepositions have produced barrels of theological literature. The latest etymological news at Middlebury will not make history, but on account of a preposition, the women's college opened last September with a brand-new title. At didn't have the proper euphony; of sounds better. Accordingly, by vote of the President and Fellows, co-eds will hereafter attend the Women's College of Middlebury, instead of the Women's College at Middlebury.

### More Greek

Ancient Greek is almost a second language among our rival intelligentsia at St. Michaels. The matter of dropping Greek and Latin came up for a vote there this fall and the freshmen balloted almost unanimously in favor of retaining the languages. The vote was backed by a full third of the class electing Greek on their schedules. The total enrollment there is now around one hundred seventy and over fifty in the college are reading Homer, Plato, Herodotus, Aeschylus and Sophocles in the original. Middlebury has two

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Contributions for the Personal News and Notes of Alumni, and changes in address should be addressed to the alumni or alumnae secretaries; other contributions to the editor.

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upperclassmen taking Greek, and in the Beginner's class—probably for the first time in history—not a single student.

### War and Peace

The band hasn't started playing yet, but in the quiet of these Green Mountain foothills 88% of the upperclassmen and women refuse here and now "to participate in a war by the United States outside of United States territory." The Junior women are the most pacific of any class in college. Only two per cent of them would shoulder arms for the cause. But bring on a war in which the territory of the forty-eight states is to be defended and you'll find Middlebury College practically turned into a military camp. Eighty-six per cent would be ready to face the guns. Of course, we're at peace here in Vermont, and of course most of the balloteers in this "Peace Poll" were chewing teething rings when the last Armistice was signed.

### Merry Xmas

There is the story of an American being piloted through a fire station in England. One after another he is shown all the secrets of British efficiency in the construction of the hose truck, the hook and ladder outfit, the pretty costumes of the firemen, the intimacy of the sleeping quarters, and all the polished gadgets that mean something only to a chief. At length the tour was complete. The American made no comment, rather appeared a little worried, and once more as if to check the survey, hurriedly made the rounds of the station. In no little excitement he returned to his guide to exclaim: "But where is your telephone?"

"Oh, a telephone," coughed the Englishman. "We have no telephone. If there's trouble, they send us a postcard."

Something of this English flurry reaches us in small measure in our connections with the Middlebury Wedgwood plates. The shipment ordered for last Christmas is definitely ready for delivery this season and a sample of the

new plate of Forest Hall has arrived along with a lukewarm promise of immediate delivery—whatever that means. But if you're halted halfway down your Christmas list, the Middlebury plates are a suggestion. Then the Editor's Office can supply at a dollar per a wide choice in mounted College or Vermont scenes. And there is "Father Went to College" as a book suggestion. Might try your Christmas shopping at Middlebury.

### Glee Club

In the broad move to cut down on the ponderous list of extracurricular functions, three traditional groups went out this year: the Men's Glee Club, the Women's Glee Club, and the Choir. In their place one strong organization rises under the direction of Professor Bedford—"The Combined Men's and Women's Glee Clubs of Middlebury College." Among the reasons for the combine: the public demand for mixed choruses, the perennial lack of tenors at Middlebury, greater interest and enthusiasm within a mixed group, 80% duplication of students in the old choir and Glee Clubs, better chapel music, increased number of rehearsals, and last but not least the fact that better music is written for mixed choruses.

### Heil

For two years, while towns about us have been working overtime building ski tows and jumps, grading slopes and cutting trails, all in a large hope that week-end train loads of winter sports fans would one day be emptied at their railroad stations, Middlebury (town and college) has taken a com-

placent come-what-may attitude. Two years ago we had winter sports facilities that would approximately match anything in a college town outside of Hanover. But that was before winter sports had really become epidemic. Largely on the impetus set by Professor Voter, new courses were cut on Chipman Hill, the ski jump remodeled, a toboggan chute built (unsuccessfully) and several new trails cut near Bread Loaf.

On the strength of these improvements, visions of great colorful Sabbath throngs from New York and Boston sweeping over our foothills this winter were being planted by the Chamber of Commerce. But the visions melted one night early in November when a representative of the New York Central Railroad confronted the Chamber at its annual meeting, implying that where other places had been anteing a dollar for the cause Middlebury had ventured a nickle, where we had spent a couple hundred dollars, others had poured into their projects perhaps ten thousand. And the results spoke for themselves. "Before Middlebury could be considered for a ski train, you need more cleared slopes, several ski tows—and you have not one—, perhaps twenty or thirty miles of mountain trail cut twenty or thirty feet wide in place of your four or five miles of narrow tracks. You need to prepare overnight accommodations, organize ski patrols, build shelters and red cross centers. You've even got to provide an ambulance."

Many winter moons will fade into last quarters before Middlebury evidently becomes a real New England winter sports capital, as landscaped by the New York Central. But trains

or no trains, preparation or no preparation, on February 18 and 19 the annual Eastern Intercollegiate Ski Union meet will be held at Middlebury as part of the Winter Carnival. Some thirty colleges are expected to participate and they include most of the best collegiate skiers east of the Mississippi. All considered it will unquestionably be the biggest athletic event ever scheduled at Middlebury.



## From Sauerkraut to Langlauf

By WERNER NEUSE, Dean of the School of German

BEFORE the Revolutionary War about 225,000 Germans had entered the territory of the thirteen colonies in North America. Their settlements lay primarily on the frontier line and extended from the Mohawk to Georgia. Almost one half of the estimated total had settled in the State of Pennsylvania. Their German, later to be known as "Pennsylvania Dutch" (incidentally a very legitimate High German dialect, that of the Palatinate), gave the American language a first taste of German and— of German foods. Probably before 1789 such well-known words as *sauerkraut*, *noodle*, and *pretzel* were adopted by the other settlers when they found the dishes they designate very much to their own taste. The English language even, through the Oxford English Dictionary, records the word *sauerkraut* as part of its vocabulary as early as 1617. Perhaps the German residents in the Hanseatic reservation in London, the "Steelyard," had spread its fame among the British. It is therefore not impossible that settlers from England were familiar with the word and the dish before they came in contact with the German settlers in America.

The nineteenth century witnessed the great influx of Germans into the United States. More than five millions, or one twelfth of the present population of the Reich, reached these shores within eighty years of census-taking from 1820 to

1900. Similar to other newcomers they refused to be melted in the pot and mostly settled in large groups in the great cities, forming "Yorktown" districts in New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, St. Louis, Milwaukee, Cleveland and other towns. They preferred their own food and modes of living to those they found in the New World, and soon their American neighbors developed a taste for hamburgers, frankfurters, *wienerwurst* (reduced to *wiener* or *wienie*), *zwieback*, *beer-soup*, *pumpernickel*, *sauerbraten*, *hasenpfeffer*, and all sorts of *wurst*. The delicatessen store was the place to get them and also the *lager-beer* and the *bock-beer*. Germans and their American friends enjoyed a *saengerfest* in a beer-garden, but only the former, members of a *turnverein*, practiced the German form of athletics in the *turnhalle*. Scores of such expressions found their way into the American language and demonstrate that the Americans approved of the *gemuetlichkeit* spirit with which they are linked.

It would be unfair to judge the cultural level of the German immigrants by their contributions to the English vocabulary, although it cannot be denied that more than anything else their eating and drinking habits seem to have impressed their new neighbors. However, the American language also reflects the higher cultural achievements which Germany was to spread all over the world during the nineteenth century by absorb-



German Dramatic Tradition as Promoted at The School of German in Bristol

ing or adapting scientific terms in the fields of geology, psychology, education, medicine, theology, philosophy, chemistry, physics, and others. Some of these expressions were probably spread by the more intellectual element among the German immigrants who were forced to leave their fatherland after the abortive revolution of 1848. But the bulk of scientific words found a way into English through books, scientific papers, journals, and last but not least, through Americans who went to Germany to sit at the feet of such eminent men as von Humboldt, Siemens, Bunsen, Liebig, Helmholtz, Ostwald, Virchow, Häckel, Röntgen, Koch, Wilamowitz-Möllendorf, and many others. It is not too much to say that for many years of the last century German scholars and German educational institutions exerted a profound influence upon American institutions of higher learning, and, with the study of Greek and Latin then the backbone of all college work, a residence in Germany or at least a knowledge of German was almost indispensable for teachers of the classical languages, since practically all commentaries were written by Germans with typically German *gründlichkeit*. Words of the scholarly vernacular, such as *gelehrten*, *dozenten*, *festschrift*, *seminar*, *semester*, *kultur*, became the vogue then and have been retained in part in the English vocabulary to this day.

The faculty and the development of the curriculum of Middlebury College bear witness to the German influence during the nineteenth century. Unfortunately the records available do not reveal the details of the professional preparation of each member of the faculty. But four of them held Ph.D. degrees from a German university. Robert Bridges Patton, who was Professor of Greek and Latin languages from 1818 to 1825, was a *doktor* of the University of Goettingen. Rev. Charles Marsh Mead, tutor in the sixties, obtained a Ph.D. from Tuebingen University. Rev. Frank Hugh Foster, Professor of Philosophy and German from 1882 to 1884, got his degree from Leipzig University in the year of his appointment to Middlebury. Samuel Sheldon, for one year instructor in Mathematics, went to the University of Wurzburg for his Ph.D. in 1888. Rev. John Hough, who taught Greek, Latin and other subjects at Middlebury from 1812 to 1839, probably also had some European background,

for German is offered during his appointment as language instructor. A centennial publication informs us that Williams Wells Eaton who, besides Greek, taught German for a decade after 1884, had spent almost four years as a student of Classical Philology at Goettingen and Leipzig, before he came to Middlebury. The Professor of Chemistry and Natural History from 1861 to 1895, Henry Martyn Seely, went to the Royal Mining Academy in Freiburg, Saxony, and from there to the University of Heidelberg during a leave of absence 1867-68. Myron Reed Sanford, Professor Emeritus of Latin, obtained his training in Classical Philology in Goettingen and Leipzig from 1893 to 1894. It is still possible today to converse in German with our present professors of Greek and Philosophy, both of whom count their studies at a German university among the most valuable contributions to the knowledge in their fields.

The place accorded to German in the courses of study during the nineteenth century likewise reflects the German influence which was then prevalent. Patton, with the Ph.D. still fresh after his name, lost no time in offering German to such students of the senior class "as wished to obtain a knowledge of it"; ironically enough, it was linked with the study of Hebrew then. This was the year 1821, and it is not impossible that Middlebury College may claim priority among the New England colleges in introducing German into the curriculum. Naturally, in Pennsylvania, the teaching of German at the University, then the Academy of Philadelphia, goes back to the middle of the eighteenth century, and the later University of the State of Pennsylvania can boast of a German School as early as in 1780. Greek and Latin were then taught to the German students through the medium of their own language.

At Middlebury, German kept its important position as the only modern foreign language until 1880 when it began to share the place with French. It never disappeared from the college curriculum until the World War forced it out. It is not surprising that German was so much more favored than other languages even in such a small college as ours throughout the nineteenth century. Beside the sources and forces mentioned through which Germany exerted her influence upon the Western World [Continued on page 19]

## Full Many a Lass and Lad

By CHARLOTTE MOODY

IF there is such a thing as A Freshman Mind, it moves in odd, not to say peculiar, ways. None of the popular superstitions about youth—that it is insurgent, that it is impatient of convention, that it eagerly reaches out for new ideas, that it is anxious to overturn the apple cart—seems, at first blush, to have any relation to the truth. The *status quo* is all right with the freshmen, and if it came to fighting in the streets they would be on the more conservative side of the barricades. As a whole they are profoundly conservative. They have a terrifying reverence for the printed word and would seem to prefer to regard a book as sacrosanct. They would far rather accept an opinion than make up one for themselves. They dislike any form of government but democracy and are prone to dispute any sympathetic remarks about rival political systems. They will, however, hook, line and sinker, swallow any cliché about peace.

Perhaps some of this reluctance to think isn't their fault. So far as most high schools require reading of students, the students are expected to "like" the books they read. On high school reading lists all the geese are swans and even *Silas Marner* is considered a good novel. And so far as Democracy vs. The Rest is concerned, not

many high schools have progressed very far beyond the theory that the American Revolution was a spontaneous uprising of a free people against the tyranny and oppression of King George III; or, in the North, that the Civil War was fought because northerners disliked to see their black brothers in bondage. Furthermore, it is impossible to tell when students say "our way is best" whether they are merely repeating what they've heard or whether it may be a symptom of our new nationalism, so immediately manifest in the number of books about America which have been rolling off the presses (*vide* Gilbert Seldes' *Mainland*, a book which wouldn't have been written or read ten years ago)—books which have been conspicuous for preoccupation with our own history and our own national life. It isn't that freshmen are wrong, for they are right in thinking highly of the American dream, it is rather a question of how they reached their conclusion. It may not be too optimistic to hope that we are returning to sanity about our own country (pushed towards that position by goings-on abroad) and that students are reflecting that movement and not just talking like parrots.

It is, however, puzzling that they should be so incurious about the world; that while they

dislike fascism they should hate communism and that, particularly at Middlebury where certainly not many students come from an over-privileged class, they should emotionally have so much less in common with workers than they have with exiled Grand Dukes forever dreaming wistfully of Tsarskoi Seloe.

Contemporary Civilization, more familiarly known as C.C., is required of all students at Middlebury during their freshman year. It is, as the catalogue says in its sprightly way, "an orientation and correlation course on current international relations, the aim of which is to



Overturning the Apple Cart

acquaint the student with the life and thought of the principal countries of our present day world. . . . The text sources are the *New York Times* . . . and an extended reading list. . . . A written book report is required every two weeks and is carefully scrutinized. . . . Two class lectures and one discussion period per week in small groups.

One year's "careful scrutiny" of book reports, by one who has nothing to do with the discussion groups (which are very animated), the examinations, or the note books prepared by all students, let alone the frequent quizzes, may seem an inadequate basis from which to comment on what has proved to be a highly successful course; but when it is pointed out that a book report every two weeks from every student means well over four thousand papers in a year, perhaps even a research student wouldn't stick up his nose too far.

A course with as wide an outlook as this, can include almost anything on its reading list, and in this case it does. There is Hitler's *My Battle* and embittered protests from Germans who have spent some time in Nazi concentration camps, there is Lilo Linke's *Restless Days* and Theodor Wolff's admirable *The Eve of 1914*, there are passionate pro-Fascist apologies, pleas for the recognition of Japan's peculiar position in Manchoukuo, and the memoirs of embattled Russian Grand Duchesses elbow the works of Messrs. Maurice Hindus and Walter Duranty. A number of historical novels have been added to the list this year, in the hope that they may make certain ideas more vivid. The novels of Kenneth Roberts, for instance, and *Drums Along the Mohawk* and Clifford Dowdey's *Bugles Blow No More* (a superb story of civilian life in Richmond during the four years of the Civil War) and MacKinlay Kantor's *Long Remember* are as modern in their implications as today's newspaper and serve to interpret our own American background. Vincent Sheean's *Sanfelice* is as good as any history when it comes to

understanding the forces of action and reaction, Franz Werfel's *The Forty Days of Musa Dagh* can tell as much about the Armenians vs. the Turks as any scholarly treatise. Of course, novels make easier reading for freshmen than more formal history and novels are more difficult for them to write about for they show a regrettable interest in the boy-gets-girl element and are sometimes slow to stress the historical and political factors in such books.

Occasionally, exasperating though they are, there is nothing more rewarding than a lot of freshmen papers. Once over the idea that all the books on the list are supposed to be good or believed, that criticism, backed by reasons for such criticism, is what is wanted, a gratifying number of students fling themselves upon their task with a glad abandon. As they stop regarding a book as something meant to be outlined, so they stop writing with the ghastly rigidity and stuffiness so apt to be characteristic of amateur expression. Once interested in conveying an idea, one ceases to be pompous. Students are apt to talk better than they write. Their speech is certainly in the vernacular; but at its best it is concise, colloquial and often pungent. There is no reason why they should not write at least as simply and vividly as they talk, and when they do this they automatically avoid such horrors as "these characters are portrayed," "the author subtly delineates his theme" and so on. This is not to say, alas, that all [Continued on page 19]



Mind in the Making

# Montpelier Merry-Go-Round

By MRS. WILLIAM H. WILLS, '09, Wife of the Lieutenant Governor

MONTPELIER offers no political carnival; its society does not "whirl"; its extra-session activities can hardly be compared with those of any of the other forty-seven state capitals. Its Merry-Go-Round is a Vermont Merry-Go-Round. Its colors are not gaudy, its musical accompaniment subdued, its background quiet. In fact, it's hardly a Merry-Go-Round at all.

In the first place, the men and women who represent their towns and counties in Montpelier are not professional politicians. A few veterans of four to seven sessions may be found; but for the greater part, the legislators are there for the first, second or third time, very honestly trying to represent the folks back home according to their best abilities, which naturally vary greatly among some three hundred people. The motive seems to be generally one of service, without too great an emphasis upon pecuniary returns, though because the majority of Vermonters are not financially independent, there is the same interest shown in pay day that motivates any other similar group of workers.

Because the majority of the personnel does change biennially, there is absent that undercurrent of intrigue which is felt where professional politics play the leading role. There is too, because of this complete change, a more cumbersome machine to set in motion, the people have to get to know one another and it is there that the social life in the State Capital plays an important part. Here again a distinction must be made. Disabuse your mind of any notions of elaborate functions. We are a simple people, of usual New England reticence. We are not going to be stampeded into gushing friendships nor be too much carried away with lavish entertainment were there a disposition to offer it.



Some of the men and women who come live at one of the hotels, but the majority are in private homes or in small apartments, where the housework is recreation compared to the work back home. There is decidedly a holiday spirit; an indication of much the same attitude which in other winters makes possible a three-months' sojourn in Florida. This lighter housework is soon disposed of by capable hands and then wives and husbands may be seen making the morning trek to the State House. By nine o'clock a great many of the men are in the smoking room,

in committee rooms or in their seats reading the morning papers while the women folks are ensconced in desirable locations, their fingers busy with needles or crochet hooks. Many an acquaintance starts with a comparison or exchange of an admired pattern. A surprising number of members are in their seats at ten o'clock when the session opens, ready to give serious attention to the business of the day, and in the seats under the balcony feminine minds work as busily on the measures under consideration as fingers work with silk and wool.

Women play an important part in the life of Montpelier both as wives of the representatives and as representatives. During the last session there were fifteen feminine members in the House and one Senator. Each week they met on Thursday evening for business and pleasure. Some particular measure was presented and discussed and then the rest of the time was spent in entertainment. Needless to say there developed from these meetings an *esprit de corps* not to be found at a Congressional luncheon.

In the process of oiling the wheels and keeping cogs clicking, social functions of the Vermont variety have a real place. The first event in the

social calendar is the reception given for the incoming by the outgoing Governor; and lest I have inadvertently given the impression that all Montpelier state affairs are informal, I hasten to assert that this as well as all other big functions is marked by a fine dignity. The State House, itself beautiful in its classic simplicity, could not be the background for any other type of affair. As the long line waits on the stairs, however, there is a constant interchange of friendly repartee between the individuals who are met as they reach the top stair by the military aides impressive in their dress uniforms and ushered into the Governor's office where the receiving line composed of high dignitaries awaits. Here one finds no provincialism but a fine air of sophistication. Yet even here as white-gloved hands meet, a friendly pressure and a knowing twinkle of eye meeting eye betoken true friendships recognized and enjoyed even where officialdom apparently reigns. The Governor's wife in her reception, held once again in the State House after several years, and the Woman's Club in the one given for the first lady in their club rooms, both affairs high lights during Ladies' Week, try to make each reception measure to the high standard of perfection set by their predecessors. Affairs attended by five or six hundred people cannot be anything but formal and well planned in every detail to be successful; it is not these which I wish to stress, pleasant though they are, but rather the countless get-together parties more or less "off the record."

Sometime during the session, which averages about twelve weeks whatever prophecies are made (they always are) that this particular session is to be short, each of the fourteen counties has a dinner at which the great State Eagle reigns supreme. Perish the thought of a Vermont banquet without turkey! This is greatly enjoyed by each county delegation; the officials who attend them all, and who highly appreciate the chance to meet people in smaller groups, get to look with longing at good western beef and in the spirit of the epitaph (no connection) feel it's very nice for Mary Ann but mighty tough on Abraham. However, when the last drumstick has been polished off and the last spoonful of ice cream has melted and the sage, filled with turkey filled with sage, arises for the inevitable few words, then come songs and good stories and real friendship and better acquaintance for all.

Maple Sugar Week is another observance with a Vermont tang. It comes late enough in the spring so that there is the usual worry about getting snow. It always appears, brought from the remote hillsides. In some convenient hall, legislators and their families foregather to do honor to a sap. There is great enthusiasm evidenced at the start for the good old maple syrup-um-um. But along about the third helping, pickles and doughnuts come into their own, and soon a contest starts to see who can make the best sugar by stirring syrup in a saucer with a spoon. You see no [Continued on page 19]



"For posterity—a photographic record of the handsomest faces of the 1937 Vermont Legislature"

# Vermont

Water Colors by AR

Of the host of painters ranging from members of the Currier and Ives School to Rockwell Kent, from Ned Walker in Brandon to Luigi Lucioni in Shelburne, few have been more successful than Arthur K. D. Healy of Middlebury in putting on canvas and drawing paper something of the frigid charm of Vermont winter landscape. Most of the better known painters of Vermont have worked in oil, many of them have worked for detail. Mr. Healy has chosen water color and stark simplicity—the greatest economy of line and shading to give life to his design.

The success of his medium is attested by the succession of awards and high praise he has received at showings in New York, Cleveland, Philadelphia, Chicago, Manchester, and Stockbridge. Among the thousands of entries for the annual American Water Color Society exhibit in New York he was awarded a first place in 1936.

Mr. Healy's work is by no means limited to



East Poultney Meeting House. The church was restored last summer by Mr. Healy and his partner, Payson Webber, ex-'24, who have their architects office in Rutland—Courtesy of Mr. George Dyer



"Ice Fishing"—awarded the Zabriskie prize at the 1936 exhibit of the American Water Color Society



"The Farm"—courtesy

# Winter

ARTHUR K. D. HEALY

a portrayal of Vermont winter, or even Vermont. His versatility leads to representation of any type of subject from quiet landscape to industry. With equal brilliance he paints winter and summer scenes, architecture and barren Maine coast, white Bermuda sunshine and red New England twilight. There is never a trace of the sentimental or pretty. Water color may be considered a "weak" medium, but Mr. Healy's treatment certainly is not lacking in virility.

Although Middlebury has had for years courses in creative writing, dramatic production, and musical composition it has never had for any length of time a course in creative art. The fact may help to explain why a distinguished artist has never appeared among some five thousand graduates. Mr. Healy attended Middlebury for one year, 1920-21, then went on to Princeton where he graduated in 1924 and received his masters degree in Fine Arts two years later.



*"March" exhibited at the National Art show in New York last summer*



*courtesy of Mr. Harry Coley*



*"Quarry at Evening" awarded the Crowninshield prize for water color at Stockbridge in 1936*

## Puerto Rico: A Study in Tone

By COLIN WOODFALL, '34

EASILY one of the most fascinating things Puerto Rican is the transformation of the Spanish language into something entirely indigenous. Gone are the slow-flowing movements of the Castilian mother-tongue, those perfectly balanced cadences and majestic periods which one associates with the Spanish Royal Academy.

To the Anglo-Saxon ear, attuned to the harsher sounds of the North, the rapidly rising and falling music of Puerto Rican Spanish is startling. The impressive range of tone, moving from the bass to an almost unbelievable tenor, provides an unsurpassed medium for the subtleties of oral expression. The typical islander is an artist of the spoken word, and an unconscious stylist in its use. When speaking, he has the air of listening to the rising sound, which often conveys, by inflection, an intricacy of meaning beyond the logical sequence of words.

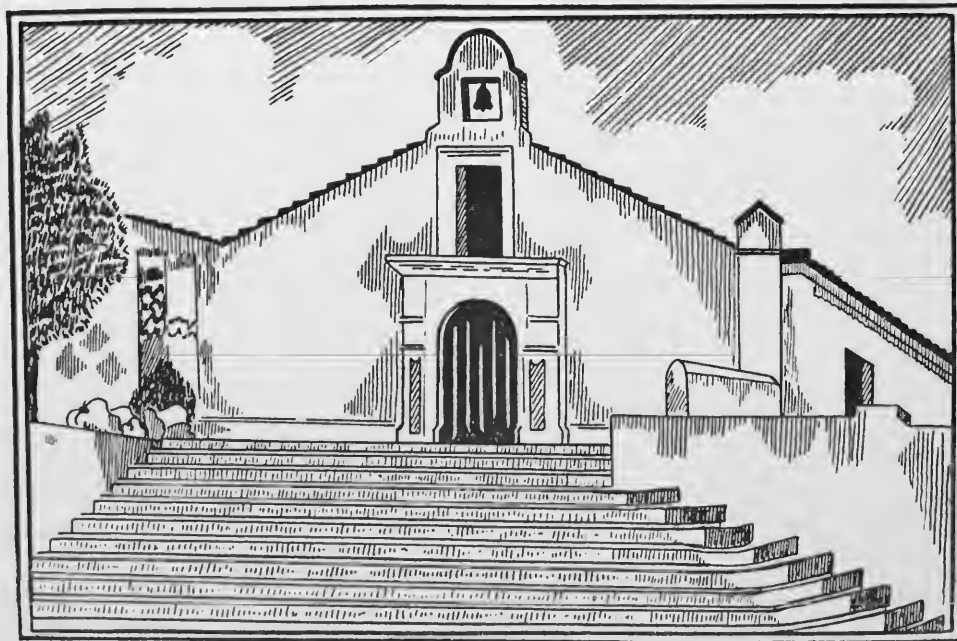
The street sounds of the Puerto Rican day give quality to the passing hours. Throughout the island, in the quiet hour before the sudden sun, comes the first melodic theme. In the distance a few notes rise into the morning dark, are prolonged for a liquid moment, and, then, subside a halftone into silence. The quiet seems to wait for repetition, until the nearer music swells, and faintly dies, beneath the sleeper's window.

This is the cry of the newsboy, an invitation out of slumber to the day. The music seems indeed to come from within the night itself, a sleepy recognition of new dawn. It becomes a part of the sleeper's dream and lifts him pleasantly into awareness and the rising sun. There is no better way of waking.

Breakfast, and the plaza of every village fills with the yellow-whiteness which leaves no room for shadow. Sound rises like a chorus out of stillness, flows evenly for an interval, slides imperceptibly downward, and is changed into a dozen lesser movements—like the multiplied reflection of sun in bits of broken glass.

Vitality ebbs slowly from the plaza with the opening of shops, and the concealed ringing of a school-bell beyond the roofs of houses. From the cool shadow of a café on the square come the sounds of rustling paper and the pleasant undulations of discussion as two or three dissect the news. In an upstairs room a guitar is strummed lazily, and a half-articulated song throbs with the slow pulse of morning. The public cars

cruise slowly through the streets, and their drivers intone the musical names of the market-towns; car-doors swing open and the inflections of "Good Morning" mingle with a babble of calls, as basket-armed women ride to the street of the vendors.



17th Century Chapel at San Germán

Mid-morning brings quiet—altered briefly by snatches of conversation, or low laughter, from the open cafés. The tempo of noise quickens in the hour before noon—the hour of the street-sellers who push their wooden carts along the pavement and put their wares to music. Oranges become brighter, more luscious, their blossoms float on the air as a tenor voice weaves their enchantment into song. Melody is continued in drama as housewives lean on their balcony railings to dispute joyously over prices. The argument fades into new song, and the riot of sound is pierced by the long upward cry of “Aguacati” which is Spanish for the alligator pear.

Noon is the murmur of voices in houses, followed by the long semi-hush of siesta. Work and school go on, but the Puerto Rican world still pays half-tribute to a vanishing custom. The horns of the public cars give tongue less vociferously, and there is, everywhere, the memory of an older-leisured time.

Out of the hour of siesta rises the voice of late afternoon. Schools release their burden of youth, and the plaza again fills, this time with a rush of sound that ripples and breaks on the tide of sun-heated air. Argument and laughter, poetry and song, emerge in mingled rhythms from the open mouth of the square. The Spanish syllables, so skillfully adapted to African feeling, move eloquently to the remembered sound of peas in a bamboo gourd. Negroid poetry is a more vocal rhumba which catches in its curving net all the music of the day. Every man and child knows at least a dozen of these strangely beautiful poems which exist almost entirely as oral masterpieces. The music which the Puerto Rican feels in his poetry swells through the words, until even those who find Spanish strange respond to the motion of changing posture and vibrant voice. The gestures never interrupt the movement of sound but spring from a nature whose instinct is poetry, enveloping song in the harmony of coincident motion.

When the supper hour is over, the Puerto Rican world moves out under stars, where the moon sometimes hangs among the green-circling knives of the royal palm. The flow of talk is quiet now—like the diminished tides of evening sea, and the long cry of “mani” is a melancholy sound from the mouth of a peanut vendor into the night. This sound has a sadness, and, as it moves up and then briefly down in a minor key, it is at once the melody of longing and the fatalistic recognition of futility. Its ecstasy is that of sadness, its significance—the personal experience of emotion. It is sensuous in a world where the luxury of sense is alone inviolate, and the bright artifice of music violently contrasts with the accumulated misery of a people chained.

As the evening moves on toward night, the bowl of dusk seems to overflow with a crescendo of discord, themes of vanished day occasionally emerging. The emotionalism which is never far from the surface of temperament in Puerto Rico, bursts volcanically from beneath at night. Like a kind of madness, it is a rush of cars through the night, a chorus of Klaxons rhythmically sounded, a tempest of clamorous voices raised in quarrel and song. The sound of night has a dangerous note as if emotion might at once become rampant and joy go mad. Sometimes a knife glitters, the crescendo grows shrill, and night is suddenly primitive. Such an incident is rare, but its imminent presence supplies a secondary theme to fiesta.

When the night grows old, and the island sleeps, a solitary car may stop beneath a balcony or window. Voices rise, and sleep yields to the sweet notes and rhythm of a native love song. An occasional rustling may be the wind or the drawing aside of a curtain that muffles the sound of “serenata.” The music dies and through the softness of night flows the eternal sound of wind-curved cane and the even pulsing of the encircling sea.

## "God, Keep Me Still Unsatisfied"

By THE EDITOR

UNTERMEYER'S prayer is answered if he included football schedules in the plea. Round on round, year after year, the clamor runs, first a demand for smaller colleges when Middlebury is playing big ones—and losing, then for big ones when minors are scheduled and we are winning. No one in the history of big-time football in any college has ever been completely satisfied with a schedule—except occasionally the coaches, the administration, and the football team.

"Sure we can change the schedules," says Coach Brown, a master at schedule building, if there ever was one. "We could probably sign with Amherst, Wesleyan, and Hamilton if you gave us five years' notice and staked a promise on the condition of the team for that year. We might even get back into the Columbia-Princeton-Harvard-Yale-Army bracket on ten or fifteen years' notice, but both Coach Beck and the boys would rather stick to the Colby-Norwich-Tufts class than look forward to 76-6 defeats. If it's prestige you're wishing for Middlebury, there's far more in a close game or good victory over a college in our own class than a far publicized licking from an institution with an enrollment seven times our size."

At any rate Middlebury's football policy for the next four years is already determined, and has been for months. The schedule for 1938 is complete, contracts signed, so is 1939 except for one open date, so is 1940 and '41, and there aren't many openings left for 1942. All programs in all colleges of merit are planned that far in advance and it's as difficult to fill an open date on

two years' notice as it is to predict the potentialities of the team. Middlebury's is a conservative policy, but no more conservative than is that of Dartmouth, Williams, or Connecticut State in their respective classes.

There is curtailed publicity value in playing institutions like Hartwick and Coast Guard, even as there is for Columbia when Columbia plays Middlebury. But Middlebury does not entertain football solely as a publicity stunt. There is no buying nor selling, there continue to be no athletic scholarships.

The whole business of classification of colleges is hopelessly muddled in the minds of the public. Social status, academic rating and athletic prowess are all absurdly raddled. What alumni really specify when they mention a Wesleyan, an Amherst, a Dartmouth, a Bowdoin as a possibility for our schedule is a college of our social and academic class. They forget that there has also to be a reasonable numerical and athletic parity. Of course, every college has to play out of its class; most colleges schedule "breathers" and "challengers" as well as games in the same college category. And Middlebury is no exception. Our men's enrollment (highest on record) is 428, approximately half that of Williams and Vermont. With a freshman ineligibility rule in force, that leaves some 270 students from which a team has to be assembled. Norwich, Connecticut State, and Colby are approximately on a par. Hartwick and Coast Guard may be considered breathers, though Coast Guard usually gives some rugged competition.

Last year, innumerable [Continued on page 20]

### THREE-YEAR SCHEDULE

| 1938     |             |      | 1939     |             |      | 1940     |             |      |
|----------|-------------|------|----------|-------------|------|----------|-------------|------|
| Sept. 24 | Williams    | Away | Sept. 30 | Williams    | Away | Sept. 28 | Williams    | Away |
| Oct. 1   | Hartwick    | Here | Oct. 7   | Tufts       | Here | Oct. 5   | Tufts       | Away |
| 8        | Coast Guard | Here | 14       | Union       | Away | 12       | Union       | Here |
| 15       | Tufts       | Away | 21       | Colby       | Here | 19       | Colby       | Away |
| 22       | Norwich     | Away | 28       | Norwich     | Here | 26       | Norwich     | Away |
| 29       | Conn. State | Here | Nov. 4   | Open        |      | Nov. 2   | Open        |      |
| Nov. 5   | Colby       | Away | 11       | Coast Guard | Away | 9        | Coast Guard | Here |
| 12       | Vermont     | Here | 18       | Vermont     | Away | 16       | Vermont     | Here |

# 27,474,000 Problems and No Answer

By WILLIAM H. PURDY, '26

Mrs. (Looking up from a lap full of papers covered with figures): John?

Mr. (From behind a newspaper): Yes, dear!

Mrs.: Would you mind postponing figuring Saturday's football games and help me figure out something more important?

Mr.: Well, yes. I suppose so. What's the trouble?

Mrs.: It's this budget business again, and I'm getting nowhere.

Mr.: I thought we had that all cleared up some time ago?

Mrs.: Yes, we did, as far as the general overhead is concerned, but what worries me is that we are not saving enough. So much of our income goes for the house, very little remains.

Mr.: Very true, my dear. Did you know that four-fifths of everyone's income is spent in the same way? Only a very small percentage of families ever arrive at the point you want to reach.

Mrs.: That may all be true, but I am not one bit interested in what other families do at this moment.

Mr.: That is the typical viewpoint of most women. Your home is something in a world set apart from all the rest. You have no connection with anybody. Let me ask you a question. How many other families like ours are there in the United States?

Mrs.: I haven't the faintest idea.

Mr.: Something over 27 million according to the last census.

Mrs.: No doubt that means a family of four.

Mr.: Yes. Now let me ask you another question. When these 27 million families, of which you are one, all spend their money as you do, what is the result?

Mrs.: It must represent an awful lot of sales.

Mr.: Yes, my dear, it does. In fact it represents, to a great extent, the markets for the outlet of all goods and services produced in this country.

Mrs.: I had never thought of it like that. All of us then must be a part of that great organization we've heard Big Business call "The Consumer."

Mr.: Right. And, as such, we all have a stake in the Consumer Problem.

Mrs.: What problem? I didn't know we had one.

Mr.: Oh! Indeed we have. Currently it is not only the Consumer Problem, but there is developing a Consumer movement, as well, which is growing at a terrific pace.

Mrs.: I had no idea it was as big as all that. Tell me first about the Consumer Problem.

Mr.: Well, in this country "The Consumer" has been an identity in the mind of Big Business for a very long time. They have studied him with such great thoroughness that they know almost his every thought and action. In addition, the government and various research organizations have gathered a great deal of data. For instance, down in Washington there is the Brookings Institution, a pure research organization, which has made a study of how our national income is divided among these various families

of four. Before giving you those figures I wonder if you know what our national income was in 1929.

Mrs.: No I do not, but it must have been tremendous.

Mr.: It totaled 81.9 billions for 1929. What is interesting to observe is that this national income fell to a low of 41.6 billions in 1932, and for 1936 had risen back but to 63.8 billion. The important point, however, is not how much it is but how it is divided and who gets it.

Mrs.: Those figures are the ones worked out by Brookings Institution?

Mr.: Right, I will quote you from one of their books which I have here. They report, "There were nearly 6 million families with incomes less than \$1,000, in 1929; 12 million families with incomes under \$1,500; over 16 million with incomes less than \$2,000; and over 19 million, or 71% of all families, with incomes less than \$2,500." And, my dear, considering the purchasing power or real value of the dollar, in 1929, \$2,500 a year was indeed moderate and permitted few of the luxuries of life to say nothing of those savings you want.

Mrs.: Those figures seem incredible. I never realized just how unbalanced our national income is.

Mr.: That is the important point, my dear. And it is just this unbalance which is at the root of so much of our trouble.

Mrs.: Just what do you mean?

Mr.: Of course you have read of this problem of over-production?

Mrs.: Yes.

Mr.: Well, that's what Big Business calls it and they are right when you look at it from their viewpoint, but, from the Consumer viewpoint, it reflects the inability of the public to absorb all that industry can produce. They have all the desires and needs to use plenty more but no available funds with which to satisfy those desires.

Mrs.: It does make a difference how you look at it.

Mr.: That is only the beginning. There are a half dozen books in my bookcase all written on the general topic of America's capacity to produce. If you were to take a consensus of them all you would conclude that as of the 1929 level of prices American industry was capable of producing a volume of merchandise sufficient to raise the general standard of living above the level of \$2,000 per annum per family. This, mind you, is so without the advantages of any further technological development or without any increase in our present capital structure.

Mrs.: Wait a minute. I see the first part of that but what is this technological development?

Mr.: Technological development means improvements to the scientific part of production; new and more efficient machines; new and more efficient systems of production—plant flow; new developments from the research laboratories.

Mrs.: Now how about increasing the capital structure?

Mr.: That includes putting on the market stock and bond issues the results of which are used for plant enlarge-

ment; retooling; greater working capital; development of new markets and materials, etc.

Mrs.: That is clear. See if I understand this point. A reasonable deduction, you would say, is that we have a highly geared producing mechanism which has limitless possibilities for production yet a consuming public without the necessary funds to absorb that production.

Mr.: Exactly, my dear.

Mrs.: What is the result?

Mr.: Simply this. With production up and incomes down the result must be a battle of the giants of Big Business for that portion of the national income which each can obtain.

Mrs.: Sounds sort of futile.

Mr.: This fight for markets seems the more obvious when we consider the huge capital goods investment which Big Business must protect through the medium of more or less uninterrupted production. Under our present form of economic society there is no alternative for them but to drive ahead for a greater and greater volume of sales.

Mrs.: And if they don't the whole business cracks up.

Mr.: Correct. Before that comes to pass, and I don't think it will, let us look at another angle of the problem. Dr. Simon Kusnets, of the Department of Commerce, issued a report recently which reveals another point of interest. The proportion of the changing national income received by the workers was just under 70% for the period 1919-32. In 1933 it was 72% and in 1935-74%. That portion going to the entrepreneurs, those who assume the risks, dropped from 21% in 1919 to 16% in 1929 and to 13% in 1934-35. Here is the important point. While this was going on, Government and Professional Service was having a field day. From 1919 to 1930 the percentage of income going to the Government was around 7%. Since then it has jumped to 12% in 1931, to 15%, 16% and 17% in the following years. Professional Service during the past 5 years has gone from 10% to 15%. The point here is that producers and employers cannot divide among them more income than they bring into existence. Taking our income for 1936 of 63.8 billions and deducting 17% which goes to the government that means \$10.8 billions as their share of the 1936 income or an increase over 1930 of \$5.1 billion. And that is \$5.1 billion less in purchasing power.

Mrs.: So in addition to the usual problems of industry there is one more added, how much the government will demand.

Mr.: Yes, and don't think Big Business hasn't been aware of all these problems.

Mrs.: What have they done about them?

Mr.: Plenty. For instance, when the buying power of Consumers reached a temporary saturation point a few years ago there was created the time-payment plan which seemed temporarily to remove the monkey wrench from the wheels of progress.

Mrs.: I can see that this idea would give the Consumer a new purchasing power—a sort of second breath.

Mr.: Yes, and also permitted capital expansion as well.

Mrs.: That certainly must have created a great pile of debts.

Mr.: Indeed it did. In fact, R. R. Doane, in an article in *New Outlook*, for July 1933, shows that our debt

structure has increased from 4.1 billion in 1860 to 173.6 billion in 1929, and 136.3 billion in 1932.

Mrs.: Highly competitive markets mean high pressure and increasingly costly selling campaigns with the natural result that the cost of obtaining a proportional share of any market must rise.

Mr.: Very good, my dear, but let's get back to the Consumer.

Mr.: Oh! We forgot him.

Mr.: From the Consumer viewpoint all this presents a stalemated condition. Per family income, for the 71% of all families, does not allow anything but a meager existence, as we have seen, yet the pressure to buy is being exerted continually.

Mrs.: The two thoughts don't go hand in hand.

Mr.: No, they don't. Either Big Business must give the public a greater buying power or more dollars to keep things going.

Mrs.: And if they don't?

Mr.: The result must be friction among Consumers. A disgust for things as they are. This disgust will be mirrored in an effort to organize cooperatively to effect some change for their own good.

Mrs.: Why hasn't this always been so?

Mr.: It has more or less. Let us reminisce for a moment to judge better today's situation. As a result of the decade from 1922-32 most families went through an expansion era which gave to many a greater purchasing power than they had ever experienced before.

Mrs.: I remember. Everybody supposed our prosperity was endless.

Mr.: As a result responsibilities were assumed which were far in excess of good reason and were a contributing factor in bringing on the depression.

Mrs.: Everybody owed everybody else too much.

Mr.: In 1932, due to the priming of the pump together with the liquidation of inventories and indebtedness, industry began to move slowly forward again.

Mrs.: Yes, but why did prices go up as they did?

Mr.: That is one place Big Business made a big mistake. If prices had remained the same or even lowered, earning power and incomes would have increased without an increase in wages. Then demand would have developed more naturally from Consumers as a further liquidation of their indebtedness materialized.

Mrs.: To adopt such a policy would take a lot of courage.

Mr.: It sure would. The outcome, nevertheless, proves their mistake because we now have what Dorothy Thompson calls "The Depression." She says, "What are we going to do about the new depression that is not merely menacing, but is here?"

Mrs.: What, another depression already? We haven't recovered from the last one yet.

Mr.: In spite of her gloom it is felt by many economists that business will not go into another nose-dive but will remain what it is today or decline 10% during the next 6 to 9 months.

Mrs.: If that is so we Consumers are going to do plenty gnashing of the teeth. I wonder what good it will do.

Mr.: One good will be the expression of Consumer protests in various forms. Tell me, my dear, have you heard of Consumer Co-operatives? [Continued on page 21]

## FROM SAUERKRAUT TO LANGLAUF

[Continued from page 7]

we should mention the art so often considered the genuine German art, music. Again the American language will bear witness to this influence. Wagner's dramatic operas, which are as Teutonic as can be, brought German music with German words to this country. Their musical texture was the *leitmotif*, the voice of Siegfried was that of a *heldentenor*, and they were full of *weltanschauung* (philosophy of life). Schubert, Schumann, Brahms and other German composers became known through their *lieder* which were and are still sung in German. A child artist is still known as a *wunderkind*, but let us not be surprised to find the New York Times speak of two Washington senators as *wunderkinder*, or a race track report say that the Hialeah meeting ended "without a single *Wunderkind* jockey." The former plural and the latter capital are correct, but the meaning has not a little drifted from its original course.

Such twists that the language may give to the alien immigrant are incidentally highly interesting to the student of languages, and often quite amusing. Once a German word has been adopted, the original meaning it has had in the fatherland may become quite vague. For instance the German verb *wandern* expresses the idea of going on a hike, and *wanderlust* primarily indicates this desire to see the world in the primitive yet invigorating way of walking. *Wanderlust* as often used in English does generally not convey this idea, but when an Associated Press report from England tells us that a pilotless airplane developed *wanderlust* and crashed, more than one amusing touch is added to the original meaning of the word. And a Washington senator has the distinction of punning with the word by reproaching the Administration for its "squanderlust". Or, every student of German knows that *umlaut* is that peculiar change that may befall certain German nouns in the plural. When a newspaper headlines an article about a Hollywood producer: "Herman Bing: Umlauter and funnier," one is at first startled, and the first sentence, "The perspiring umlaut expert greeted his public delightedly" keeps one guessing. Later it develops that *umlaut* is used here for the typical German accent with which this movie expert handles the American language and which the reporter calls his "tzsauer-rr-rr-k-rr-raut" accent. A last example, the verb 'to strafe' entered the English language from the German during the World War. The German verb *strafen*, to punish, probably got notoriety in England through the German war slogan *Gott strafe England* (may God punish England) and was then applied to the air raids by Zeppelins during the War. Reversely, the Allies used the expression to describe punitive air raids by planes over German cities. This is the predominant meaning of the verb to this day. But one reads in *The New Yorker* of recent date: "Next came Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas Hartley of Pennsylvania, fiery, talkative, and willful, who had strafed the Indians in Pennsylvania in reprisal for the Wyoming massacre." This new meaning in fact returns to the original meaning of the German, as punishment is a measure of retaliation.

Today, the situation differs from that in the nineteenth century in more than one way. To be sure, there is still German music imported and with the lighter wares of our century such German phrases as *Auf Wiedersehn* reach a wider audience and understanding. Yet German as the major language taught in American schools and colleges was dethroned during the World War and has not yet recovered from this staggering blow. It will probably never challenge the position of French. But German science is still leading, and especially a chemist has to know German if he wants to keep up with the latest developments in his field. Americans still go to Germany for study, generally at an earlier age than their fathers and grandfathers. Our annual exchange of graduate students with German seniors has proved to be a very successful undertaking, and its very existence indicates that nowadays the giving is no longer done by Germany alone. America has come of age.

On the other hand, Germany seems to be going through another period of rejuvenation. She has challenged the all-importance of the brain and praises the brawn. German immigrants no longer bring new dishes to this country. German refugee scientists may add to the intellectual standard of our institutions, but they find the fields well tilled. New and surprising is the German superiority in sports of all sorts. There was a time when all sport terms in German were English or American. Today, the *falboot* (German, *faltboot*) is spreading as a new kind of water sport, and there is no

skiing possible without controlling a number of such important shop words as *sitzplatz*, *skiheil*, or *langlauf*. The change in the imported words certainly tells of a change in the country of the creditor language. Whether the change is for better or for worse, is not for us to say.

## FULL MANY A LASS AND LAD

[Continued from page 9]

freshmen turn out to be literary craftsmen, but a very satisfactory percentage of them write honestly what they think, which makes for excellent reading.

It is the best books that make the best book reports. There is a lot of dull stuff turned in on Dr. H. C. Link's *The Return to Religion*, a glib, facile little affair with a good deal of common sense in it and a considerable amount of superficial and sloppy thinking, a book which leaves one feeling the author would be happy in a world full of extroverts who play a good game of bridge and let the arts alone. But papers on Walter Lippmann's *A Preface to Morals* are apt to be astonishingly good. Reports on T. E. Lawrence's *Revolt in the Desert*, Walter Millis's *The Road to War*, Tsushima by Novikoff-Priboy (a fascinating autobiographical account of the Russian naval proceedings during the Russo-Japanese war), Webb Miller's *I Found No Peace* and *The Autobiography of Lincoln Steffens* are papers in which freshmen give of their best and their best turns out to be pretty good. Two particularly good jobs, done by special permission have been a comparison of Noel Coward's *Cavalcade* with his published but unproduced play *Post Mortem* and a review of John Steinback's *Of Mice and Men* of which any professional critic might be proud. Much is expected this year from such books as Otto Eisenschiml's *Why Was Lincoln Murdered?*, Elliot Paul's *The Life and Death of a Spanish Town* and Van der Meersch's *Invasion*. (Last year the two most popular books were John Gunther's *Inside Europe* and Louis Adamis's *The Native's Return*.) Books about the World War are very widely read. (It must be remembered that most freshmen have been born since the close of the War.)

While perhaps not pedagogically sound entertainment, a good deal of gaiety is involuntarily supplied by freshmen. Last year one girl was a never failing source of pleasure for the gaffes she made on each of her sixteen papers. Once, in reporting on a biography of Queen Elizabeth, it turned out to be bank night and she made two. "Queen Elizabeth" she wrote, "was a religious phonetic," and farther along she composed this memorable sentence. "Queen Elizabeth had a very contradictory character. But what could you expect with one father and so many mothers?" In dealing with Hans Kohn's *Force or Reason* she seems to have entertained a vision for she concluded her paper with this remarkable thought:—"and so we go on with our ups and downs and we all hope we will go on, via Reason." And, however deplorable, at least it is fun to read "Mohammed was a great profit."

## MONTPELIER MERRY-GO-ROUND

[Continued from page 11]

true Vermonter will ever acknowledge he has had enough syrup, so he cannily transfers the eating interest to one in skill.

There were one hundred and twenty of the two hundred forty-eight House members listed as farmers,—eighty-nine as farmers and nothing else, the rest as farmers and auctioneer, electrical engineer, musician, undertaker and town officers; in the Senate there were ten of the thirty members listed as farmers. The meetings of the Farmers' Club, held every Wednesday evening were so interesting, however, that members of other occupations were always in attendance.

The Mock Session this last winter was unusually well planned and carried out due to the fact that the committee in charge included in its membership two erstwhile professional entertainers and several competent musicians. So good-natured ridicule and hits on the happenings of the session went over without any apparent hitch. Mannerisms which had worn a little on the members' nerves in the stress of legislation brought forth shouts of laughter that night; bills which had made strong men gnash their teeth and bite their pipes while the women members jittered with nerves were received with

whimsical smiles; the bald-headed men attended en masse, adorned in their crotched bonnets, and sang their club song,—

"Put on your crotched bonnet,  
With the long tassel on it,  
Dipped in rum and sugar every day.  
Through the long nights sleeping,  
Our bald heads we're keeping,  
Safe and warm away."

This seems as good a time as any to tell of the Bald-headed Club, distinctly a feature of this particular legislature. Like a snowball rolling down hill, this club grew to appreciable proportions. Starting as it did in a little good-natured pleasantry between the assistant doorkeeper in the House and the wife of the Lieutenant Governor, it spread to include some twenty-two of those reputed to comb their heads with a face cloth, and eight of the fair Penelopes waiting for their legislative Ulysses. Officers were duly elected, dinners were held and finally a picture of the whole group was taken, thus handing down to posterity a photographic record of the handsomest faces of the 1937 Legislature, topped by millinery reminiscent of the old crotched silencers and prophetic of the calots so much in vogue among the young people just now; whatever the style of cap, each bore a tassel from the center of its diameter equal to the distance between the top lock, if any, and the tongue of the wearer. Whether or not the thought of these rum and sugar-dipped tassels on the old-time nightcaps made tones dulcet, at least good music was heard at the meetings and good-fellowship filled the hearts of the singers.

Another distinct feature of the 1937 Legislature was the Junior Senate. This was a practical school-for-a-day in Citizenship offered the Seniors of our State's High Schools and Academies. The Lieutenant Governor, Chaplain, each of the thirty Senators, clerks, and doorkeepers chose a boy from his own territory. Any school paper was privileged to send representatives of the press. Six bills were sent to the boys to be studied. On the Saturday morning set, they formed in the hall outside the Senate Chamber, each regular member with the boy he had chosen to take his place. When they reached the Upper House the Junior Senate took over; the Governor was escorted in in due form by members of the Junior Senate and gave a brief address; the Lieutenant Governor instructed them in the purpose and procedure of legislation; the bills already studied were introduced and reported to committees and then the Junior Senate adjourned for half-hour committee meetings. So earnest were the discussions and so adamant were the young legislators that in one committee, there could not even be a majority and minority report. When it was explained that most legislation was arrived at in a spirit of give-and-take, Youth would permit no compromise. After lunch which the seniors and juniors enjoyed together, the serious business was started. Bills were reported back from committees, and were discussed and discussed and discussed with intelligence, assurance and fervor. All kinds of votes were cast, even to a tie which called for the presiding officer's deciding vote. The boys introduced a resolution which expressed their realization of the value of their participation in that session and asked that it might be made a biennial institution. With a new idea of what their state and its lawmaking really meant, they pledged allegiance to the national and state flags and adjourned. So ended the first Junior Senate of Vermont and so began, its sponsors hope, another phase in the education of its future citizens.

At the close of twelve weeks, the 1937 Legislature ended, not with a visible pledge to flags, but with a little ceremony equally significant. That closing evening the Sergeant-at-Arms had placed upon each desk a square of brown paper and some stout twine. As they were waiting for the necessary formalities incident to the closing of a session, the members drew out from their desks the visible records of their winter's work, the bill books and journals. To one observer in the gallery, looking down upon the closing scene, there seemed to be something other than books being tied up in neat or slipshod bundles by deft or clumsy fingers,—experience which makes men more considerate of others, hours of good companionship, a few heartaches, perhaps, which make for understanding of another's sorrows, a wider vision, a realization of the problems of other men and other places; but, above all, friendships were being folded into the brown paper—and memories. These, after all, would make the bundle precious on the homeward way and in the days to come.

## "GOD, KEEP ME STILL UNSATISFIED"

[Continued from page 16]

press comments were published all over the country crediting Middlebury with one of the sanest football schedule policies in the country. Sports writers made the observation on their own and went out of their way to impress the public with their endorsement. Middlebury hopes to hold to that policy and to be consistent in it.

Four-cylinder colleges will continue to play eight-cylinder ones, two-cylinder colleges will continue to be played by sixteen-cylinder ones. Coach Brown, as director of the Middlebury athletic program, stands by his policy to remain in his class as nearly as possible.

Extravagant athletic equipment will never make great football teams, but ample equipment can promote interest in athletics, which, after all, is the one indispensable factor in building good teams. The present gymnasium was built for a student enrollment of 308, a men's enrollment of 160. The comparable figures now are 788 and 428. Moreover, varsity squads have increased in both number and size, and a whole new program of intramural sports organized. The inadequacy of the gymnasium floor to serve nearly eight hundred students is well known, but less known are the facts that there isn't even stock room to hold additional equipment, that one small room has to be used often simultaneously for a class, for physical examinations, and for office routine, that some 200 men every afternoon try to use six available showers. We haven't even the equipment of a second-rate preparatory school—small inducement for prominent high school sports stars to come to Middlebury. Should it prove advisable to rise from our present class, there is little use in doting on a very marked change in the list of colleges with whom we may compete until we have at least the minimum equipment to attract men interested in sports.

### 1937 RESUME

By RODERICK McDONALD, '39

With losses only to Williams and Connecticut State, Middlebury closed a successful season on November 13 when it met Vermont in the annual tilt on Centennial Field. While thousands of rain-drenched football fans throughout the east saw Yale smear Princeton, Cornell tie Dartmouth, Notre Dame lick Army, several hundred Middlebury rooters watched the color from their ties run into their suits and their hats grow limper and limper as the two teams haggled for the state title during intermittent cloudbursts and wind storms. Muddy footing prevented much deceptive football and even the straight line bucks were far from certain in the quagmire. As the second half opened with the boys still slushing around on even terms, Johnny Chalmers, the keenest field general Middlebury has had in many a day, took the ball on his own thirty-six and put it over for the one touchdown in the game. Despite one of the best teams in the history of the College, bad weather and a few injuries almost caused a scoreless tie when by all computation we should have bowled Vermont over almost at will.

Coach Beck built his 1937 team around seven seniors who were members of last year's successful outfit. However, although the offensive power and defensive strength were as great, if not greater this year, the team seemed to lack the 1936 finesse. Graduation will leave a huge hole to be filled by the pick of a not too impressive Freshman squad, which chalked up one win, one tie, and three losses this fall.

An undefeated, untied season in 1936, and a schedule which held five opponents scoreless this year is a record of which any college might be proud, but prospects for similar results next fall do not look any too bright with Coach Beck forced to construct his team almost from scratch.

In the home state, Middlebury still stands out head and shoulders above the other two grid competitors. Norwich lost all six games played, with 18 points for them and 284 for the opposition; Vermont tallied 50 to the opponent's 182; Middlebury 152 against 33. The record by games:

|               |                |
|---------------|----------------|
| Middlebury 0  | Williams 7     |
| Middlebury 26 | Hartwick 0     |
| Middlebury 46 | Coast Guard 0  |
| Middlebury 20 | R.P.I. 0       |
| Middlebury 32 | Norwich 6      |
| Middlebury 7  | Conn. State 20 |
| Middlebury 14 | Colby 0        |
| Middlebury 7  | Vermont 0      |

## 27,474,000 PROBLEMS AND NO ANSWER

*[Continued from page 18]*

Mrs.: They have been very popular in the Scandanavian countries haven't they?

Mr.: Yes, and in England as well. In fact, right here in the United States during 1936, Consumer Co-ops. did an annual business of 500 million dollars. There is no doubt that in this country Consumer Co-ops. have passed through the phobia phase of development and their evolution is proceeding along orderly lines of education and savings as it has in foreign countries during the last 50 years.

Mrs.: This is fine, but where does it get us. Where are we headed?

Mr.: That's a big question that no one wants to answer too positively. We do know there is a real Consumer Movement under way that may ultimately have a lot to do with the way things may unravel. Here are a few facts in a hurry which will illustrate the trend of the meaning of my statement. There are 26 governmental agencies researching in behalf of the Consumer while attempting to encourage legislative protection as well. The States of New York and New Jersey have formulated Consumer Advisory Bureaus while 16 other States have them under advisement. Womens Clubs and Forums are studying the problem and disseminating information.

Mrs.: Yes, and I understand our educators are putting Consumer Education into the curriculums from grade school to college.

Mr.: And that is but a little of what is appearing on the surface. What will come to light during the next few years will awaken many most violently. However, that is another complete discussion.

Mrs.: I'll remember to bring it up some other evening.

Mr. Kenneth Dameron, professor of marketing at Ohio State University, in a recent article said, "There is dynamite in the Consumer Movement. We must all watch our step if Consumers ever become wise to their latent powers and decide to become dictators in fact as they already are in theory."

Mrs.: There is plenty of dynamite in that statement alone.

Mr.: A leading grocery magazine has this to say, "If Consumers get fully organized our present retailing, wholesaling, and producing system may be blown up."

Mrs.: More of the same dynamite. What do these thoughts imply?

Mr.: Again I say I'm not sure. Perhaps it means the development of a Consumer philosophy that will demand production for the purpose of consumption and not the prevailing vice-versa. It might mean the elimination of the profit motive of industry. It might be the development of the Consumer Co-op. on a national basis. It might come to Economic Planning.

Mrs.: It looks as though plenty can happen.

Mr.: Yes, but not in too much of a hurry. W. H. Lough in his book, "High Level Consumption" says, "The great mass of economic activities as now carried on is not to be quickly improvised."

Mrs.: It seems apparent the people of this country have rejected all of the various ISMS.

Mr.: Yes, they have. We seem to be searching for some new and as yet undiscovered road which will retain many of the good features which have been developed by our present form of economic society while injecting new thoughts which will eliminate the many frictions now present.

Mrs.: A sort of middle road.

Mr.: Precisely. Brookings Institution in summing up their work to date say, "Perhaps the newness of the new endeavor may be in the principle involved or the methods employed rather than in any novelty in the line of production which it concerns." Personally, I think it does lie in the newness of the new endeavor. A middle-of-the-road policy. No abolition of Big Business, but more an attempt on the one hand of interpreting Big Business to the Consumer and on the other interpreting the true Consumer to Big Business. Once the Consumer Movement develops an understanding of this thought, then, the impetus will be present, which will cause these two most interested parties to sit down around the conference table and cooperatively work out their mutual problems to the satisfaction of both parties.

Mrs.: Then it is the duty of each housewife to observe, study, and read all she can on this very important development?

Mr.: Absolutely correct. United we stand; divided we fall.

Mrs.: This has all been most interesting, but I believe it is now time we went to bed.

## Personal News and Notes of the Alumni

1878

REV. EDWIN ROGERS died in September at Bowling Green, Ohio.

1879

HENRY W. HULBERT, son of President Calvin Hulbert, died at his residence in Farmingham Center, Mass., October 31.

1884

DR. JAMES TEN BROEKE died October 23, 1937.

1893

LOUIS TAYLOR. Address: 61 Porringo St., Portchester, N. Y.

1896

DR. THOMAS C. GIFFORD died Oct. 12, 1937, at his home in Utica, N. Y.

1898

HERBERT A. HINMAN died in September, 1937.

1899

REV. R. L. THOMPSON died August 29, 1937, at his home in Dalton, Mass.

MRS. ANNA N. BOSWORTH (Anna Nichols). Address: Sanders Hall, Burlington, Vt.

1900

MRS. R. S. PLUMMER (Emma Phyllis Way) died June 11, 1937, at the home of her daughter in Brockton, Mass.

CLARA BELLE ANDREWS. Address: 156 Augustine St., Rochester, N. Y.

1901

HENRY C. TONG died September 15, 1937, at Ellsworth, Me.

1902

REV. JOHN R. DUFFIELD died at Malone, N. Y., August 15, 1937.

1904

EDWIN W. WILLCOX died September 10, 1937.

1908

BENJAMIN E. FARR died September 27, 1937, at Salem Depot, N. H.

FRANK G. GAGE is a solicitor and teacher at Coleman College, 45 Academy St., Newark, N. J.

GEORGE N. BAILEY. Address: Bryantville, Mass.

IVAN E. WINSLOW is assistant manager of the Production Equipment Co., Los Angeles, California. Home Address: 2023 Sierra Place, Glendale, Calif.

1909

DR. LUCIA EDSON. Address: 21 Fort Charles Place, New York City.

1911

MRS. CLAUDE TOWNE (Emma Easton). Address: 6 Rowley St., Rochester, N. Y.

MRS. E. W. POWELL (Veva Elsie Bullard). Address: Wentworth, N. H.

MRS. L. JEROME PHILP (Louise G. Fellows). Address: 163 Rocky Road, Larchmont, N. Y.

1912

JOHN ENGLISH. Address: 9 Elton Road, Barrington, R. I.

1913

FRANK G. WILLIAMS is registrar at Pennsylvania Military College and headmaster of the Preparatory School. Home Address: 649 North Chester Road, Swarthmore, Penn.

1916

LEON H. A. WEAVER. Address: 145 Fishkill Ave., Beacon, N. Y.

1918

MARGARET CHATFIELD. Address: 290 Broadway, New York City. Miss Chatfield is manager of June Bradstreet's Restaurant.

BURTON R. CLEMENT is sales supervisor of Parsons Agency, Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Company, Chicago, Ill. Address: Box 341, Flossmoor, Ill.

1919

RUTH E. CANN is a "student dean" at Syracuse University. Address: 201 University Place, Syracuse, N. Y.

A son was born August 27, 1937 to MRS. DEXTER HATHAWAY (Gertrude R. Burditt).

1920

CHANNING GREENE is superintendent of schools at Southbridge, Mass.

RITA L. BOLE, is principal of the State Normal School, Lyndon Center, Vt.

DR. MALCOLM G. WRIGHT died July 1, 1937 of a heart attack.

## Personal News and Notes of the Alumni

MRS. J. W. KLENCK (Johanna A. Begiebing). Address: 943 Prospect Ave., Plainfield, N. J.

RUTH F. FARWELL is acting registrar at the Newark, New Jersey Museum. Home Address: 62 South Harrison St., East Orange, N. J.

ALAN W. FURBER has recently been elected president of the Westminster Schools. This group is composed of three schools of secretarial training; The Chandler School, The Marlborough School, and the Fairfield School.

1921

RONALD J. DARBY is principal of the high school at Northampton, Mass.

MRS. STANLEY V. WRIGHT (Ruth L. Ashworth). Address: 9 Hazelton Drive, White Plains, N. Y.

Announcement has been received of the marriage of FRANCIS N. HINCHEY to Miss Katherine Culliney.

MRS. TOM HALL (Nina Baker). Address: Care of Charles Robinson, Sandy Hook, Conn.

1922

I. MURRAY ADAMS. Address: 11 Hardy Road, Swampscott, Mass.

MARION E. WILEY. Address: 35 Acorn St., Malden, Mass.

MRS. CHARLES F. RUSSELL (Doris M. Pinney). Address: Box 54, Winchendon, Mass.

FLORINE PRATT. Address: 222 Scottwood Ave., Elmira Heights, L. I., N. Y.

1923

CYRIL E. SHELVEY has been appointed vice consul for Argentina.

EDWIN J. KLOCK. Address: 124 Riverside Ave., Scotia, N. Y.

SANFORD A. CARROLL is manager, group department, Aetna Life Insurance Co., Buffalo, N. Y. Home address: 97 Delaware Road, Kenmore, N. Y.

A daughter, Rebecca Hilliard, was born to Mr. and Mrs. RUTHERFORD J. GETTENS, June 16, 1937.

1924

J. ALLAN HUNTER has recently been appointed manager of the Springfield, Mass. agency of the Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Company.

MRS. WILLIAM COLE (Edna P. Volin) died in August, 1937.

ALEXANDER D. GIBSON. Address: 5022 Schuyler St., Germantown, Philadelphia, Penn.

VIOLA A. WOOD. Address: Sunset Ave., Hicksville, L. I., N. Y. Miss Wood is head of the English Dept. at the Hicksville, L. I., High School.

G. WINTHROP WILSON. Address: 293 Bridge St., Springfield, Mass.

MRS. WILEY F. DANFORTH (Margaret Smith). Address: Park Ave., Essex Junction, Vt.

LILLIAN DIRKS. Address: 28 Prospect Ave., Middletown, N. Y.

MRS. MYRON P. FRENCH (Ella Edson). Address: 46 Cleveland Ave., Braintree, Mass.

1925

PAUL W. WARD is London correspondent for the Baltimore, Md. Sun and New York Nation. Address: 40 Fleet St., London, England.

ARTHUR E. WITHAM married Miss Dorothy E. Downie on September 15, 1937.

DR. WARD L. OLIVER has been appointed surgeon for the D. & H. Railroad.

MARGARET PECK. Address: Alice Littlefield Dormitory, White's Ave., Austin, Tex.

A daughter was born June 5, 1937 to Mr. and Mrs. THOMAS O. CARLSON. Address: 26 Melrose Road, Mountain Lakes, N. J.

MRS. LYMAN HOLDEN (Christine Tasker) died August 29, 1937.

1926

MRS. EDWARD HAYNES (Vesta M. Lovett). Address: Washington St., Barre, Vt.

MARY HELEN DURICK and THOMAS F. MANGAN, ex-'28, were married June 30, 1937. Mr. Mangan is practicing law in Rutland, Vt. Address: 38 Evergreen Ave., Rutland, Vt.

AUBURN A. ROSS. Address: 433 West 44th St., Indianapolis, Ind.

ELIZABETH KELLEY married Dr. Kenneth C. Beck on July 19, 1936. Address: 430 Cory Ave., Wauhegan, Ill.

1927

A son, Larry Wayne, was born October 4, 1937, to Mr. and Mrs. H. CARLETON SEYMOUR (Ada G. Haley, '32).

MRS. MADOLYN DERRICK HEALD. Address: 15 William St., Worcester, Mass.

A daughter, Georgiana, was born September 3, 1937 to Mr. AND MRS. WILLIAM DOUGLAS HARRIS (Helen Wadsworth, '26).

MRS. STANLEY PRATT (Rachel Poole Davis). Address: Beachwood St., Cohasset, Mass.

GEORGE L. DICKERMAN is employed in the Bureau of Internal Revenue, Washington, D. C. Home address: 1801 N. Rhodes St., Arlington, Va.

MILLER FRANKLIN NAYLOR married Miss Vera A. Davis on October 12, 1937.

DONALD R. MCPROUD is a buyer for Barneys Department Store, Schenectady, N. Y. Home address: 39 Robinson St., Schenectady, N. Y.

ELIZABETH E. BEAN. Address: 247 Collins St., Hartford, Conn.

1928

MRS. MARK S. CREHAN (Gertrude Parsons). Address: 140 Freeman St., Hartford, Conn.

FOSTER A. PRATT married Miss Irene F. Freeman, August 16, 1937 at Chester, Vt.

ADELMA HADLEY has been appointed social director at the Women's College of Middlebury.

JANE K. FRENCH is secretary and treasurer of D. A. French, Inc., 192 Lexington Ave., New York City.

1929

KENNETH A. SHUTTS is a partner in the Albany Store Fixture Co., Albany, N. Y.

MR. AND MRS. RICHARD A. LOBBAN (Dorothy Dietz). Address: 3909 Woodbine Ave., Baltimore, Md. Mr. Lobban is Southern District Manager from Maryland through South Carolina for the Picker X-Ray Corp.

MRS. ATHERTON W. FROST (Eula Cargill). Address: East Andover, N. H.

CLAYTON A. GRAY. Address: 474 E. 109th St., Cleveland, Ohio.

Mr. and Mrs. ATHERTON FROST (Eula C. Boyle) announce the birth of a daughter, Louise Ames, on October 22, 1937.

A daughter, Martha Hyde, was born November 4, 1937 to Mr. and Mrs. LOUIS P. ROATH (Mary Tudhope).

DAVID F. WELLS is a sales manager for KRKO, Everett, Wash.

MRS. EDSON F. EASTMAN (Bernice Munn). Address: Catamount Dairies, Pittsfield, N. H.

ELIZABETH P. GOODRICH. Address: 85 E. Main St., Clinton, Conn.

GRETCHEN TAYLOR. Address: 21 Mountain Ave., Somerville, N. J.

CAROLINE BELCHER. Address: 15 Pinckney St., Boston, Mass.

1930

SANFORD WITHERELL was married November 6, 1937 to Miss Helen M. Kent.

NITA L. WILLITS is teaching German at the Scotia, N. Y., High School.

CLINTON W. DEMERITT. Address: 16 Railroad St., Waterbury, Vt.

MRS. D. S. WALKER (Thelma French). Address: Whallonsburg, N. Y.

MILLARD G. DUBOIS. Address: Tenaflly, N. J., High School.

Word has been received of the birth of a son to Mr. and Mrs. RICHARD HUMISTON.

ARTHUR E. NEWCOMB, JR. Address: 55 Arundel Ave., West Hartford, Conn.

MISS ELEANOR GOODRICH, '35, married NELSON E. SANBORN on August 15, 1937.

MIRIAM A. TURNER was married in August, 1937 to Mr. Bernard Larson of Detroit, Mich.

MARY BOWDISH became the bride of Mr. Robert C. Mansfield on Sept. 25, 1937. Address: 1749 Forest Ave., Portland, Me.

MRS. JACK SMITH (Helen Perry). Address: Stowe, Vt.

Mr. and Mrs. BERTEL C. NYLEN announce the birth of a daughter, Susanne Marie, on October 9, 1937.

WILHELMINA HAYES. Address: 606 W. 116th St., New York City.

C. WINIFRED MILLER married Mr. Lee David Day on July 15, 1937. Address: 3012 Grapeland Blvd., Miami, Fla.

1931

ROBERT G. SPENCER. Address: 1401 Boulevard East, West New York, N. J.

## Personal News and Notes of the Alumni

WARD S. YUNKER is development engineer for Western Electric Company, Kearny, N. J.

FRED B. WILLIAMS, JR. is a salesman for Morris & Co. Armour & Co. Home Address: 475 Garson Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

MRS. CORNELIUS P. BRINK (Nathalie Lewis). Address: 633 Philadelphia Ave., Chambersburg, Penn.

RICHARD SANZO. Address: 3755 77th Street, Jackson Heights, L. I., N. Y.

LUCY B. SAUNDERS is a librarian in the Hartford, Conn., Public Library.

1932

MRS. GEORGE A. BACKMAN (Jean Coulter). Address: 257 Wolcott St., Waterbury, Conn.

GRAY TAYLOR is teaching speech, drama, and English in the Rome Free Academy. Home address: 1101 North James St., Rome, N. Y.

FRANCES GALE. Address: 21 West Main St., Wolcott, N. Y. Miss Gale is teaching French and English in the Leavenworth, N. Y., High School.

RUTH ADAMS. Address: 112 Goodrich St., Buffalo, N. Y.

MR. AND MRS. EDMUND D. STEELE (Dorothy Crowe, '35). Address: 6 Frost Ave., St. Johnsbury, Vt.

Announcement has been received of the marriage of ESTHER HAWKS to Mr. John C. Herron.

1933

MRS. THERON BENEDICT (Lizzie Torey) is mother of a son, Clarence Elroy, born Oct. 6, 1937.

ROLLIN E. PRATT is superintendent of Miami Claim Dept. for Employers' Liability Assurance Corp. Home Address: 1663 S. W. 12th St., Miami, Fla.

WILLIAM C. DEEMER. Address: 9 Undercliff Terrace, West Orange, N. J.

DR. REGINALD K. HOUSE. Address: The Mary Fletcher Hospital, Burlington, Vt.

MILTON J. WOODING married Miss Helen D. Karl, Sept. 5, 1937 at Ashby, Mass.

ALYN B. WHITE is a student and laboratory assistant at M.I.T. Address: Room 6-205 Mass. Institute of Technology, Cambridge, Mass.

GRACE E. WILDER is teaching in a girls' high school and junior college in Teheran, Iran, Persia. Address: Teheran, Iran. Care of American Missionary Board.

A daughter, Cynthia, was born August 13, 1937 to Mrs. MILTON JUNE (Janet E. Stainton).

1934

WYMAN PARKER. Address: 6 Rue Rembrandt, Paris (8), France.

HELENE BERNARD and JAMES SEARS were married October 12, 1937.

FRANCIS B. SPRAGUE is a partner in the Northern Chemical Co., chemical jobbers and contractors. Address: 68 Tivoli St., Albany, N. Y.

AARON SCHEFKIND has been named faculty assistant to the headmaster of the University School, Hartford, Conn.

A son, James Draper, was born July 22, 1937 to Mr. and Mrs. J. WILBERT HUTTON (Ruth D. Hanchett). Address: Hutton Rd., Dover, Mass.

ALLEN FLAGG was married in August, 1937 to Miss Dorothy L. Williams.

Announcement has been received of the marriage of ANNA TUTHILL and RUSSELL H. WHITE. Address: 134 Benefit St., Providence, R. I.

HOWARD J. KELLY is now employed by American Airlines in New York City. Home address: 135 Douglas Place, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

DOROTHY WUNNER. Address: 146 Mortimer Ave., Rutherford, N. J.

MRS. LUTHER A. NELSON (Elizabeth J. Fernald). Address: 1 Mather St., Binghamton, N. Y.

MRS. J. FREDERICK FREEMAN (Margaret Snow). Address: 7 Summit Ave., Sharon, Mass.

1935

A son, Robert Ellsworth, was born November 8, 1937 to Mr. and Mrs. HENRY CORNWALL (Marion Russell).

JEAN WILEY is teaching French and music in the high school in Seio, Ohio.

PATRICIA LITTLEFIELD is employed as a secretary in The Campbell

Metal Window Corp., Boston, Mass. Address: 87 Lowell St., Reading, Mass.

DORIS TUCKER married Mr. David R. Kniskern on February 20, 1937. Address: Cobleskill, N. Y.

LOUISE FLEIG is employed in the medical department of the Macmillan Publishing Co.

ELIZABETH BAILEY is employed in the Clubhouse of The Girls' Service League of America. Address: 138 East 19th St., New York City.

HILLES R. PICKENS married MARY J. KEVAN, '36, on October 30, 1937.

MARY ALICE HOWARD is studying at a secretarial school in Albany, N. Y. Address: 22 Harris Ave., Albany, N. Y.

ANNA MIRANTE has received a fellowship for a year's study at the University of Florence.

MARGERY HANCHETT was married August 28, 1937 to Mr. Harry Crawford Woodside.

MARIETTE BOWLES has accepted a position as one of the critic teachers in the Model Schools of Plymouth, N. H.

E. DOROTHY CANFIELD is business and industrial girls' secretary of the Elmira, N. Y., Y. W. C. A.

RAYMOND T. COE is a salesman for Harold's Athletic Equipment Co., Inc., Utica, N. Y. Address: 107 Harding Place, Utica, N. Y.

HYATT H. WAGGONER is an instructor at Ohio State University. Home Address: 166 East Lane Avenue, Columbus, Ohio.

The engagement of MARJORIE YOUNG to Mr. Edward L. Raab has been announced.

RICHARD W. CUSHING is an assistant manager for W. T. Grant Co. Address: 705 Market St., Wilmington, Del.

WINIFRED R. CLARK is employed at Goodnow, Pearson & Hunt, Inc., Brattleboro, Vt.

ELIZABETH HIGGINS is doing graduate work in the Education Department at Smith College.

GEORGE A. ELLIOTT. Address: 36 George Ave., Glens Falls, N. Y.

PEMBROKE NIMS. Address: Townsend, Mass.

MIRIAM SMITH. Address: 19 Shaler Lane, Cambridge, Mass.

OTTO W. PROCHAZKA is associate editor of the Advertising Age magazine. Home address: 46-31 157th St., Flushing, N. Y.

1936

MARY WILLIAMS sailed Oct. 9, for a year's study in Germany. She will be located at Frankfort, Germany.

RUTHANNA WILSON. Address: East Liberty Y. W. C. A., 315 Spaler St., Pittsburgh, Penn.

JOSEPHINE ANDERSON is taking the technician's course at Worcester City Hospital. Address: Y. W. C. A., Worcester, Mass.

JANE MASTERSON is head social worker at the George Junior Republic School in Freeville, N. Y.

MARION HOOK is doing secretarial work at Dun and Bradstreet Co. in Worcester, Mass.

HELEN ARONSON is secretary to the Director of Admissions of the Women's College of Middlebury.

ALICE DEWEY is working in the statistical department of the National Life Insurance Co., Montpelier, Vt.

WILLIAM H. CARTER, JR. is a student at Harvard Graduate School of Arts and Sciences. Address: 61 Perkins Hall, Harvard University, Cambridge, Mass.

MALCOLM M. SWETT is employed by the Celanese Corp., 180 Madison Ave., N. Y. Home address: 9 Kew Gardens Road, Kew Gardens, N. Y.

STANISLAUS F. TRYBULSKI is professor of German at Indiana State Teachers College, Terra Haute, Ind.

ALLAN H. KETCHAM is employed by the Youngstown Sheet and Tube Co., Chicago, Ill.

HERBERT M. GODDARD is teaching in the high school at Vergennes, Vt.

FREDERICK K. NASH is teaching mathematics at The Harvey School, Hawthorne, New York.

PHILIP B. TAFT is a partner in the Northern Chemical Co. Address: 68 Tivoli St., Albany, N. Y.

CORNELIA B. PHILLIPS was married in September, 1937 to Mr. Robert B. Keegan.

## Personal News and Notes of the Alumni

ELIZABETH LAWS is teaching at the Landon School for Boys, Bradley Lane, Edgemoor, Washington, D. C.

JEAN E. BARTON was married in September, 1937 to Mr. Daniel C. Cotton. Address: 170 Park St., Medford, Mass.

MRS. RALPH W. ERICKSON (Barbara Wishart). Address: 19 Lincoln St., Hartford, Conn.

DONALD W. EASLER is vice president of the System Company, clothiers, Manchester, N. H.

JACK STEELE is on the news staff of the *Herald Tribune*. Address: 30 West 73rd St., New York City.

MALCOLM E. GROSS is a student in the chemistry division of the graduate school of Arts and Sciences at Harvard University.

EDWIN R. FISHER married THELMA CROFT, '34, September 3, 1937

1937

MURIEL JONES has recently accepted a position as Alumnae Secretary at the Women's College of Middlebury.

JEAN WILCOX is teaching in Hardwick, Vermont.

MARION PERKINS is teaching in South Royalton, Vt.

GERTRUDE DOLE is teaching and doing secretarial work at Brewster Free Academy, Wolfeboro, N. H.

EILEEN WHITNEY is employed in the Aetna Life Insurance Co., Hartford, Conn.

ERMA A. WRIGHT, a student in the Smith College School for Social Work, is to be employed this winter at a state hospital in Rhode Island.

RICHARD LUKAS is teaching mathematics in Poultney, Vt.

CONSTANCE GOOCH is doing social work in Boston. Address: Norfolk House, 14 John Eliot Square, Roxbury, Mass.

HELEN KEUCHEL is employed in the Prudential Life Ins. Co., Newark, N. J.

MARGARET SCHERHOLZ is working for the Bell Telephone Co., Newark, N. J.

RAMONA FORD is a secretary in the office of the Middlebury College Editor.

BEULAH SHEPARD is assisting in the Biology Department of Middlebury College.

GRAYCE COOKSON is a social service worker in Waterbury, Conn.

MARGARET DOW is attending library school at Columbia University. Address: 411 W. 116th St., New York City.

JANET GRAY is working for a law firm in Katonah, N. Y.

BARBARA GREGORY is attending a business school in Milwaukee, Wis.

BETTY ANN HUNT is employed in John Wanamaker's in Philadelphia, Penn.

MARY LANCE is teaching in Danville, Vt., High School.

JEAN PORTER is teaching French in Spencerport, N. Y.

LOUISE H. RYAN is employed as secretary to a psychiatrist in Boston. Address: 120 Hemenway St., Boston, Mass.

LOIS BESTOR is studying at the Katharine Gibbs School in New York.

HARRIET COLEY is studying art at the Vesper George Art School in Boston.

MARJORIE R. FIELDEN is teaching Latin in the Cobleskill, N. Y., High School.

HELEN DAWSON is doing graduate work at Union Theological Seminary in New York.

JEAN DOUGLAS is employed by the Vermont Farm Bureau organizing study groups throughout the state.

DOROTHEA MATHISON is studying costume design at Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y.

JOY RAHR is attending the Packard Secretarial School in New York. Address: 339 Convent Ave., New York City.

BEATRICE LINDGREN is assisting in the Home Economics Department of the Women's College of Middlebury.

CONRAD A. PHILIPSON is employed by the Plympton Manufacturing Co. in Hartford, Conn.

CAROLINE ELLIOTT is teaching in the Whitingham High School in Jacksonville, Vt.

LOIS BEARDSLEE married Rev. J. W. Kaufman, September 14, 1937. Address: Paradise, Penn.

SIDNEY WHITE is doing graduate work at Fitchburg State Teachers College.

WILLIAM C. WARD is doing graduate work in organic chemistry at Pennsylvania State College. Address: 513 W. College Ave., State College, Penn.

MARSHALL SEWELL, JR. is on the reporting staff of the Lakewood, N. J. *Daily Times*.

JOHN F. LONERGAN is a member of the Windsor, Vermont, High School faculty.

MARGHERITA COSENZA has accepted a position to teach in the Windsor, Vt., High School.

RALPH PICKARD is studying at the Harvard Law School. Address: 24 Farwell Place, Cambridge, Mass.

MARGARET E. HOPE is home economics instructor at the Putnam, Conn., High School. Address: 50 Lake St., Moosup, Conn.

FREDERICK L. STONE is teaching at the Arlington, Vt., High School.

HILDA SIMONDS has been engaged to teach in the Pittsburgh, N. H., High School.

JOHN F. DARROW is working in the Department of Commerce, Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, Forest Products Division, Washington, D. C.

ROBERT I. MORGAN is employed by the Automatic Electric Co., 1033 West Van Buren Ave., Chicago, Ill.

RUTH VAN SICKLE is assisting in the Biology Department of Middlebury College.

KENNETH MACFADYEN is assisting in the Chemistry Department of Middlebury College.

PIERCE COUPERUS is instructing in the Mathematics Department of Middlebury College.

### ALUMNAE ASSOCIATION

An outline of the year's program of the Boston Alumnae Association was discussed at the meeting on October 19, at the home of Mrs. Alexander McElwain. The first regular meeting was held at the Boston Y.W.C.A. on November 19, and at this time plans were made for a Christmas Tea for undergraduates, to be held at the College Club on December 29.

The Hartford Alumnae Club met on September 28, at the Girl Scout Cabin in Glastonbury, Conn., for a cookout supper. Among the twenty-three present were the following new members: Mrs. Ralph W. Erickson, '36, Miss Lucy Saunders, '31, and Miss Eileen Whitney, '37. It was voted to hold a rummage sale to raise funds for a scholarship for the coming year.

At a recent meeting, Mrs. Edward B. Davidson, '23, was elected president of the New York Alumnae Association. Mr. Percival Wilds, '02, guest speaker at the October meeting, discussed the present needs of the Women's College.

The annual picnic of the Worcester County Alumnae Association was held on September 15, with undergraduates and prospective freshmen as the guests of honor. On October 20, a dinner was held at the Wetherell House.

The American Association of University Women has announced its graduate and research fellowships for 1938-39. For detailed information, address the Secretary, Committee on Fellowship Awards, American Association of University Women, 1634 I St. N. W., Washington, D. C. Applications must reach the office in Washington by December 15, 1937.

### CAPITOL DISTRICT DINNER

Some thirty alumni assembled at the Hale House on the campus of Union College, Thursday evening, October 21st. Miss Geraldine Griffin, '31, president of the Capitol District, presided. Dr. Burrage spoke on the past and present of the College and read from "Father Went to College" and from copies of *The Undergraduate*. Miss Muriel Jones, '37, alumnae secretary, gave a resumé of the plans for the alumnae association. Mr. Harry T. Emmons, '35, assistant alumni secretary, presented some facts and figures with regard to the enrollment of this session and the work of the alumni association. The newly elected officers are: President, Thomas Heney, '32; Vice-President, Edith Tallmadge, '21; Secretary-Treasurer, Edwin I. Klock, '23.